

REFLECTIONS, ⁽¹⁵⁾

Moral, Comical, Satyrical, &c. ³

ON THE

VICES *and* FOLLIES of the AGE.

CONTAINING,

- I. A Satyr against the Luxury of the Town in Eating and Drinking.
- II. Serjeant *Sharp's* last Will and Testament.
- III. A Character of *Great Britain*. Translated from an ancient *German Latin* Poet.
- IV. In Praise of *London*. Translated from the Learned Dr. *Johnston* of *St. Andrew's*.
- V. Sir Wou'd be thought Great.
- VI. On a pleasant busy Life.
- VII. On Vertue and Vice.
- VIII. On Worldly Pleasures.
- IX. On Human Passions.
- X. A Prologue against the *French* and *Italian* Singing and Dancing.
- XI. On Mrs. *Cludde* walking every Night in *St. James's Park*.
- XII. The Rake's Lodging.
- XIII. Advice to a New-marry'd Friend.
- XIV. On the Death of a Lady's Nightingail in the beginning of Winter.

P A R T the Third.

To be continu'd Occasionally. By several good Hands.

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REFLECTIONS

Moral, Canonical, & Liturgical

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REFLECTIONS,

Moral, Comical, Satyrical, &c.

Against the Luxury of the Town in Eating and Drinking. A Satyr.

*The Author invites his Friend to a Country Entertainment,
and takes Occasion to reflect upon the Luxury and Prodigality of the present Times.*

FOR Woods and Groves, a clean and temperate Air;
Quit the unwholsome Town, and sickly Fair;
Then to high Jove we will Libations (a) pay,
Unbend our Cares, and boldly live to Day.

Content with what my Household Gods afford,
With homely Dishes, and a rural Board:

Yet such an Host, so humble, and so plain,
Did once Jove's Son Alcides entertain.

Pursue, my Friend, those Paths the Hero trod,
Nor think it mean to imitate a God.

Now give Attention to your Bill of Fare,
Which my own Lands produce, and Swains prepare.

A Kid, not yet injurious to the Vine,
Unable to offend the God of Wine,

(a) The Greeks and Romans, before their solemn Feasts, us'd to spill some Wine upon the Floor, as a Religious Sacrifice to the Gods; which they call'd a Libation; and afterwards drank very heartily with a safe Conscience.

Whose tender Vessels only Milk contain, (b)
 That never browz'd upon the verdant Plain:
 To break her Hold, the thoughtless Wanton tries,
 Sports on the Green, and plays before she dies.
 A dozen Pidgeons, tender, plump; and young;
 As fat as those to *Venus* (c) did belong,
 Piled in a Dish upon a verdant Bed
 Of *Sparagus*, and juicy *Spinage* spread.
 To gather these, my ruddy Household Maid
 Aside her Distaff and her Spinning lay'd;
 Forsook her Bed before the rising Sun,
 And left the Business of the Farm undone.
 Here's roasted Eggs, took from contorted Hay
 And Mother Hens, which once those Eggs did lay.
 Nor think me cruel, and of Temper hard,
 If murder'd Beans (d) are boil'd with blushing Lard.
 The fav'ry Animals I'll boldly kill,
 Let the *Crotoman* Sage preach what he will.
 A *Ham* shall lie extended o'er the Slain,
 Of such a *Boar* as rang'd the *Aetolian* Plain,
 Whose fiery Blood first *Atalanta* drew,
 Whom *Meleager*, (e) and that fair One flew.

(b) *Juvenal's* Expression on such an Occasion, *Qui plus letis, habet quam sanguinis.*

(c) *Venus* was drawn in her Chariot by Doves or Pidgeons. The Reason these Birds were sacred to that Goddess, was, because in their Natures they are extremely amorous.

(d) *Pythagoras* was a Philosopher of great Reputation. He taught his Doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls at *Craton* in *Italy*; thence is call'd the *Crotoman* Sage. He believ'd, that the Souls of Men not only transmigrated into Beasts, but also into Beans; and therefore held it Murder in a double Sense, to eat a Dish of Beans and Bacon. The Word *Lard*, is the proper Name for Bacon, and is us'd always in this Sense in *Latin*.

(e) *Meleager* and *Atalanta* kill'd the famous Boar which ravag'd the *Aetolian* Plains. *Meleager* fell in Love with *Atalanta* for her Valour shewn in that Action, and afterwards marry'd her.

Lastly,

Lastly, a Friend has twice two *Rabbits* brought,
 Which with laborious Sport the Hunters caught.
Onions (f) for these, my fertile Beds produce,
 Which boil'd to Sauce, their Gypsy Godheads lose.
 I'll add, to make the Entertainment rare,
 The *Persian Apples* (g) and *Burgundian Pear* ;
 Rich *spicy Plumbs*, whose azure Beauties shine,
 And *purple Grapes*, big with *Autumnal Wine*.
 So far'd our Youth, when *France* with Sorrow knew
 The dreadful Force of our retorted Eugh,
 And *English Edward* threescore thousand slew ;
 When with her slaughter'd Sons the *Sein* was dy'd,
 And hated Wounds encreas'd the mournful Tyde.
 Our Nobles then, insensible of Fear,
 Adorn'd the glitt'ring Helm and pointed Spear,
 And only rich, did to their Foes appear.
 The vanquish'd *Gaul*, stretch'd on the purple Field,
 Beheld the Conquerors Silver Cask and Shield,
 With sad Concern, that soon must die or yield.

Now like the *French* we dress, like *French-men* eat,
 And mimic Slaves so oft our Fathers beat.
 His Lordship now decays before he's green,
 Vicious at Twelve, and aged at Eighteen.
 Now at *Pontack's* the Knighted Fop must dine,
 Where *French Ragou's* commend th' unwholsome Wine ;
 For foreign Soups, and unsubstantial Meat,
 He spends a Farm at one luxurious Treat.
 Larger than that did frugal *Curius* (h) hold,
 Who beat the *Samnites*, and despis'd their Gold.
 In a low Cottage, humble, chaste, and poor,
 Young dirty Consuls play'd upon the Floor ;

(f) The *Aegyptians* worshipp'd Onions.

(g) Peaches are call'd *Persian Apples* ; they originally came from *Asia*, and were always call'd by that Name by the *Romans*.

Hungry, on Roots the small Patricians din'd,
 To conquer Kings by conscious Fate design'd.
 The Warlike Father cook'd this homely Feast,
 And dress'd soft Parsnips for his wanton Guests ;
 With the same Hands the bold *Tarentines* foil'd,
 And often view'd 'em, lest they should be spoil'd.

Now ev'ry Fop expects to sup in State,
 Rich by his Crimes, by Fraud or Murder great.
 Tasteless is Venison, and the noblest Fish,
 If angry Pards bear not the Silver Dish,
 And Rosy Maids unfully'd Damask lay,
 As broad and white as yonder Milky Way.

To please each Sense, to foreign Worlds we haste,
 Perfume our Wines, and by our Smell, we taste.
 Odors and Gums the happy *Arabs* spare,
 Whose azure Fumes enrich the ambient Air,
 And bribe the Gods to hear neglected Pray'r.
 Now *Ceylon* (i) Spice, *Anchovies*, *Spain* bestows ;
 For us the Orange and the Limon grows.
 To fetch Caviar, we found *Geneva's* (k) Lake,
 And our own Climes luxuriously forsake.
 The *Greecians* Oil, the *Germans* Hams afford,
Calabria (l) Wine, to chear the wanton Lord.

(b) *Curius*, three times Consul, overcome the *Samnites*, *Tarentines*, and *Phyrus*, King of *Macedonia*. When the *Samnites* had a Request to the Senate, they apply'd themselves by their Ambassadors to *Curius* for his Friendship and good Offices : And that these Ambassadors might succeed the better, they carry'd with them a considerable Present : They found the famous General sitting amongst his dirty Children, and boiling of Parsnips, yet he refus'd the Gold that was proffer'd him, and generously serv'd those he had vanquish'd, without it.

(i) The best Cinnamon comes from the Island *Ceylon*, in the *East Indies*.

(k) The Lake of *Geneva*, famous for Sturgeon.

(l) *Calabria* is a Province belonging to the Kingdom of *Naples*, remarkable for an excellent sort of Tent.

We

We touch each Shore for something dearly nice,
 To please our Palates, and indulge our Vice.
 High-relish'd Sauce, unknown in happier Times,
 We fetch from *Spain*, and Sun-burn'd *Indian* Climes.
 Bambooes and Mangoes loaded Nature waste,
 Decay our Strength, yet urge the weary'd Taste.

Curse on the Slaves did first our Manners stain,
 Who made substantial Beef be boil'd in vain,
 And did our Boards with Ericassees profane.
 Our Nobles now abhor a manly Treat,
 (Fine Tea's their Drink, and Chocolate their Meat)
 And fight with just such Stomachs as they eat.

I know, my Friend, your Humour scorns a Race,
 Whose sordid Acts the generous Dead disgrace.
 Abandon then the noisy bustling Town,
 The praying Surplice, and litigious Gown,
 And solemn Fops, whose mercenary Breath,
 Or Justice blunts, or whets the Sword of Death.
 Let conscious Matrons without blushing sit,
 View guilty Scenes, and a polluted Pit.

Sparing of Love, free of the worst Disease,
 Let thoughtless Squires Autumnal B——ry please :
 As high her Blood and Inclinations run,
 The same her Fires, that *Circe* (m) once did burn,
 And well she acts the Daughter of the Sun.
 Small Force there needs, to make her play her Part ;
 She follows *Nature*, and forgets her Art.
 Soft *Imoinda's* (n) tender Air despise ;
 Beware the Force of her designing Eyes :
 She sells her Verrue, and Complexion buys.

(m) *Circe* was the Daughter of the Sun, and Cuckolded her Husband. A Play of that Name was writ by Dr. Davenant. The Part of *Circe* was generally perform'd by Mrs. B——ry, with Applause.

(n) *Imoinda* is a Name us'd by Mr. Southern in the Tragedy of *Oronoko*. The Part was very often acted by Mrs. B——.

Who thinks her chaste, perchance may be mistook
 Her Innocence is only in her Look.
 Let *Betterton*, like bold *Varanes*, (o) rage,
 Or *Athenais* (p) with soft Words assuage;
 Far from his Ears abhorrent *Nature* flies;
 Twice (kill'd by him) the *Persian* Hero dies.
 Should *Lee* revive,
 He'd rave again, and (frantick) break his Heart,
 To see old *Nestor* (q) act *Ziphares's* (r) Part:
 For whatfoe'er
 He's by his Tinsel Kings and Monarch's told,
 Their Queens and Maids of Honour find him old;
 Then fly to Meads, where Limes and Myrtle grows,
 Where *Flora* all her various Beauties shows,
 Fears in the Lilly, blushes in the Rose. }
 Permit these glitt'ring Scenes and gilded Toys,
 To amorous Ladies and luxurious Boys:
 Let no distracting Cares invade your Mind,
 But leave the Bus'ness of the World behind.
 If any Thoughts with Mirth but ill agree,
 Dismiss th' Intruders to the *Baltick* Sea.
 Tho' *Chloe's* Dress, and wild disorder'd Hair,
 Confess her Crime, and *Love's* Impression bear;
 Or tho' a Friend was at *Almanza* slain,
 Regretting Sighs teaze but the Gods in vain.
 Broad is the Road to *Ceres* (s) grizly Son,
 His Brazen Gates on ready Hinges turn:
 But none departed, e'er could find a Way
 Back to return, and view the chearful Day:

(o p) *Varanes* and *Athenais* are the two chief Characters in Mr. *Lee's Force of Love*. Mr. *Betterton* generally acted *Varanes*, the young Prince of *Persia*.

(q) *Nestor* was a Person that is said to have liv'd three hundred Years.

(r) *Ziphares* is the Son of *Mithridates* in the Play of that Name, his Part was generally acted by Mr. *Betterton*.

(s) *Pluto*, the fictitious God of Hell, marry'd the Daughter of *Ceres*.

Nor

Nor be concern'd that G——n Measures soon
 Oblig'd the brave *Eugene* to quit *Toulon*. (t)
 Suppose their Lines the timorous *French* defend,
 And Autumn's Winds the unactive Summer end;
 Admit the Hussars (u) with the *Poles* combin'd
 In foederal Leagues, with solemn Sanctions join'd;
 What, tho' the *Greeks* (x) sustain the unequal Force
 Of *European* Foot (y) and *Asian* Horse;
 The slow *Venetians* late will grant them Aid,
 When with the Ground their Walls are level lay'd,
 And *Turkish* Moons are on their Tow'rs display'd.

What is to come, the Gods will best direct,
 The Guilty ruin, and the Good protect.
 Let's take th' Occasion bounteous Heav'n does give;
 Lost to Mankind, we to our Selves will live:
 Twelve Flasks of *Cyder* stand upon the Floor,
 And for to Morrow I've a dozen more.
 The racy Juice *Sabrina's* Stream convey'd,
 And has two Winters in my Vaults been lay'd.
 One ancient Tub of potent gen'rous *Beer*
 Does by it self in a lone Cell appear:
 No faucy Maid with Piercer durst restrain
 Its sacred Charge, and rev'rend Head profane.
 A spacious Sea the well-hoop'd Cask contains,
 And dates its Age from *Ann's* auspicious Raign.

(t) 'Tis certain that the Slowness of the G——r, and their Quarrels about Command, gave the Marshal *Villars* Leave to make great Detachments for *Provence*, and may be deem'd one Reason why the Duke of *Savoy* broke up the Siege of *Toulon*.

(u) Hussars are *Hungarian* Horse-men.

(x) 'Tis thought by a great many People, that the Preparations the *Turks* are now making, are against the *Morea*, inhabited by *Greeks*, Vassals to the *Venetians*.

(y) The Troops that generally compose the *Turkish* Armies, at least those Forces which the Commanders depend on, are the Foot rais'd in *Europe*, and the Horse in *Asia*.

Liquor more strong ne'er Country 'Squire o'erthrew,
Nor in a Horn the jolly Butler drew. }

Untouch'd it stands, and is reserv'd for you.

A nobler Feast the Muses have in store,
Which will instruct and entertain you more.

Great *Spencer* here in easy Numbers tells
The various Seats where Truth and Falsehood Dwells.

Waller, in Language exquisitely rare,
Records the Actions of the Great and Fair.

Milton's strong Muse perchance sublimer flies,

Luciferan Worlds detects, and ravag'd Skies.

Ingenious *Creech*, with penetrating Sight,
Surveys old *Chaos*, and the Realms of Night,
And sings what Atoms form the Seeds of Light. }

With my Requests, *Jove's* beauteous Daughters (z) join,
Expect you here, and mix their Vows with mine.

Thus by the Muses and our Friendship blest,
A mod'rate Glas shall charm our Minds to Rest ;
Our chearful Nights shall be exempt from Sorrow,
And free from Broils, to make us sad to Morrow.

(z) The Muses.

Serjeant Sharp's last Will and Testa- ment.

SEIZ'd on by *Death*, 'gainst whom no *Error* lies ;
Blind to our Fears, and senseless to our Cries ;
Who no *Imparlance* (a) grants, nor gives a *Day* ;
And whose Proceedings no *Injunctions* stay.

(a) *Imparlance* is Time given to the Defendant to plead.

Vexatious

Vexatious Suits and Tryals to prevent,
Thus I declare my Will and Testament.

This mould'ring Clay to Mother *Earth* I leave,
(The filial Dust indulgently receive)
To be interr'd

Where votive Knights (*b*) in Marble Armour sleep,
And, far from *Turks*, a long Possession keep;
Where my departed Brothers wait their Doom,
Expecting what they wish may never come.

As to my Soul, I leave the subtle Flame
To the eternal Source, from whence it came:
Not that I think my Mind will upwards move,
Or view the Vales and flow'ry Meads above;
But otherwise to pen a Will, is odd;
'Tis but for Form some L——s mention G—d.

As for th' Estate industriously I've gain'd
By Fraud or Force, or legal Arts obtain'd;
Half of my Lands, which furious *Humber* laves,
For ever green by its contiguous Waves,
Whose fertile Vales the happy Farmer blefs;
'Tis my Intent litigious Priests possess,
Whose Zeal their Flock with *Chequer*-Writs (*c*) persues,
For robbing Heav'n of Tythes and spiritual Dues.
'Tis just, when Knaves such impious Methods take,
They should the Church due Satisfaction make,
Which goes to Law for G—d A——y's Sake.
They well deserve the legal Pain they meet,
Who of Tythe-Pigs their rev'rend Pastors cheat;
And sacrilegiously their Capons eat.

(*b*) Some of the Knights *Templers* lie bury'd in the *Temple* Church; they vow'd to defend the Temple built on or near the holy Sepulchre, and to fight for the Christian Religion, against Pagans and Infidels.

(*c*) 'Tis a great Fault in some of the Clergy, that too frequently go to Law for small Tythes, and very inconsiderable Trifles.

That

That spacious Wood, which near the *Severn* lies,
 I to my Sons in special Trust devize,
 On the Condition, they a Bedlam build,
 To be by Mad-men and my Clyents fill'd;
 Not by the Mad who rave and rage in Straw,
 But by the frantick Fools that go to Law.

Altho' I leave hot L——h in the Lurch,
 My Moderation I bequeath the Church,
 Whose mounting Zeal fatigues the weary Sight,
 And loses Reason in its hasty Flight.

My equal Justice, and impartial Name,
 If I have Right to such a rev'rend Fame,
 At my Decease, let C——y Juries claim;
 Who once for Innocence did Ill provide,
 And gave their Verdict for the strongest Side.

Had they been just, ——
Ruffel had ne'er been from our Wishes torn,
 But late the Ducal Coronet had worn.

'Tis true, his I——b L——p knows the Way
 Better than me, and cleaner can convey;
 But yet my Skill to his judicious Care,
 I leave; tho' Præcepts may be useles there,
 To one whose Prudence did the Nation blind,
 And sunk the Army's P——y, which none could find.

My Wit, by which no Counsel ever gain'd
 Judicial Furs, or Serjeant's Coif obtain'd;
 Far from my Friends be the dire Plague remov'd,
 By idle Fops and needy Poets lov'd:
 May *Perkin's* Slaves that empty Notion share,
 But never let it breathe the *Temple-Air*.
 May heavy Dulness there unenvy'd reign,
 A sure Recess, and lasting Seat obtain.

If any Youth to Poetry aspires,
 With solid Study quench the dangerous Fires;

With

With grave Attention let the Youngster look
 O'er all the Pages of my good Lord Cook;
Rawleigh's Arraignment, and his Lady Wife; (d)
 Confirm the prudent Conduct of his Life:
 From his large Volumes hazy Clouds will rise,
 And shed thick Vapours on the Student's Eyes.
 A certain Cure his rev'rend Tomes are found
 For Wits possess'd with Ivy Garlands (e) crown'd.

My Honesty (tho' some may think my Store,
 Perchance, unable to relieve the Poor)
 I give my Brothers, who with Fear oppress'd,
 Or brib'd, the Laws did to their Faction wrest,
 And voted hard for taking of the Test.

Soft-moving Words, which most serenely flow,
 And fall as thick as Winter's feather'd Snow,
 On my good Friend S——ll, I bestow:
 With this Assistance, he perchance may bring
 Forth such a Speech as J——r made the King.

(d) 'Twas a great Injury to the Character of my Lord Cook, that he us'd
 Sir *Walter Rawleigh* ill upon his Tryal.

(e) The Poets are sometimes crown'd with Ivy, as well as with Bays.

A Character of Great Britain. Translated from an ancient German Latin Poet.

Hac tamen Arctois laus est æterna Britannis, &c.

LET this to Britain's lasting Fame be said;
 When Barbarous Arms the civil World o'er-spread;
 And persecuted Science into Exile fled;

K

'Twas

'Twas happy She did all those Arts restore,
 That *Greece* or *Rome* had boasted of before.
 Nor *Learning* only, but *Religion* too,
 Her Rise and Growth to *British* Soil does owe.

*In Praise of London. Translated from
 the Learned Dr. Johnston of St.
 Andrew's.*

Urbs Augusta, cui cælumque, solumque, salumque, &c.

RENOWN'd *Augusta*, that Sea, Earth, and Sky,
 And all the various Elements supply ;
 No happy Climate breathes a softer Air ;
 No fertile Lands with greater Plenty bear.
 Illustrious Seat of *Britain's* Prince,
 The Nation's Eye, Heart, Spirit, and Defence.
 The Men for ancient Valour ever known ;
 Their Arts and Riches, gain alike Renown.
 In short, when all her Glories are survey'd,
 It must with Wonder still at last be said,
 She makes a World herself, or is the World's great Head. }

Sir Wou'd be thought Great.

BECAUSE you're courted by the Great,
 Coach'd with 'em to a Play and Treat,
 Licens'd and priviledg'd to prate
 Of Bawdry, and Affairs of State ;
 Don't fancy what they ne'er intend,
 That one among 'em is your Friend ;

For

For you're but just where you began ;
They love the Jester, not the Man.

On a pleasant busy Life.

HOW at my Farm I pass my Time away ?
I'll tell thee, Friend ; I rise at break of Day ;
I say my Pray'rs ; order my Household ; then
To Field I go, and set to work my Men :
Return'd, I sit to read ; at Noon I rise
To walk again, for healthful Exercise.
D'y'e ask what Method after this I keep ?
I dine, drink, sing, laugh, sup, and so to sleep.
After a sound short Nap, I strike a Light,
And with the merry Muses spend the Night.

On Vertue and Vice.

WHat's *Vice* ? A flatt'ring jilting Whore,
That courts you rich, forsakes you poor :
But *Vertue*, like a constant Wife,
Your Friend at first, and Friend for Life.

On Worldly Pleasures.

WHen you have danc'd th' enchanted Round
Of Worldly Pleasures, 'twill be found
The greatest Pleasure you e'er knew,
Is, Worldly Pleasure to subdue.

On Human Passions.

WHat Wretch would chuse to wear a Chain,
 When like a Monarch he may reign ?
 For so, when vile Desires rebel,
 And when tumultuous Passions swell,
 Empire or Bondage you must have,
 And either be their King or Slave.

A Prologue against the French and Italian Singing and Dancing.

IN vain we strive, with Poetry and Wit,
 To win the wayward Judge of Box and Pit.
Lee, Shakespear, Otway, now can please no more ;
L'Epine and *Tofts* they only will adore.
 Sense they disclaim, and all Poetick Rage,
 As bold Intruders on the sinking Stage.
 To t'other House the Cully Audience throng,
 And pay Extortion for their Harlot-Song.
 In jarring Recitation they delight,
 As if to Harmony and Sense they'd equal Spight.
 Not that in this they really Pleasure find,
 Any strange Rapture of the Ear or Mind,
 T'excuse the Folly by the Titilation ;
 But 'tis the Mode ; and who'd be out of Fashion,
 In so refin'd, and so well-bred a Nation ?
 Lords, Knights, and 'Squires, Bells, Beaux, and Wits,
 Fiddlers profound, and all Court-aping Cits ;
 Physicians learned, Quacks of high Renown,
 Bubbles, Sharpers, Cullies, Ladies of the Town ;

Journr-

Journey-men Taylors, and Attornies Clerks,
The City-Criticks, and the *Temple*-Sparks.

In short, —————

The universal Mob, both small and great,
In thoughtless Compact, join 'gainst Sense and Wit.
Against so strong a Party, who'd contend?
Or hope by Reason e'er to make 'em mend?
When skilful *Roscius* cannot please the Age?
Nor *Barry's* Actions prop the falling Stage?
No longer then to strive with hostile Fate,
Or learn the human Mind to imitate;
To Arts more taking now we'll all advance,
Taught by the Dregs of *Italy* and *France*;
Each, from his Voice or Heels, shall seek for Pence,
And quit to wiser Climates, Wit and Sense:
By those we thrive, by these must surely fall;
Da Capo, or a *Coupee*, answers All.

*On Mrs. Cludde walking every Night
in St. James's Park.*

I.
HAppy is the Royal Shade,
Bless'd with such a lovely Maid,
Where no rival Beauties come,
To out-vie *Maria's* Bloom.

II.
Like the Moon, serene each Night,
She appears as chaste and bright;
Free, without the least Offence,
Guarded by her Innocence.

III.

III.

And tho' Mankind her Charms adore,
 She triumphs not amidst her Pow'r ;
 But unconcern'd, her Smiles bestows,
 And scatters Pleasure as she goes.

The Rake's Lodging.

I.

Come in, my Dear, and let's lie down ;
 Tho' I've got ne'er a Sheet,
 We'll cuddle close, and all the Night
 With equal Flames we'll meet.

II.

We'll wrap our Selves in *Vulcan's* Net,
 And be unkind no more ;
 With Kisses I will chide thee then,
 For being coy before.

III.

We'll surfeit on the Sweets of Love,
 And charm them to a Stay ;
 We'll close them all within our Breasts,
 That none exhale away.

IV.

We'll widow the whole World of Love ;
 No *Cupid* shall be there,
 But what is center'd in your Eyes,
 Or fetter'd in your Hair.

V.

And if these Sweets do pall, or fly,
 Through *Vulcan's* Net, away ;
 We'll be as restless as they are,
 As volatile as they.

VI.

We'll be as quick as Air or Light
 In Thought and Motion too ;
 We'll teach the Queen of Love an Art
 She never knew 'till now.

VII.

We'll cement both our Souls in one,
 And link 'em by a Kifs ;
 We'll transmigrate our Flesh and Blood
 In Extasy of Blifs.

VIII.

O then ! in one unalter'd Form
 We'll both subsist together,
 Where Pleasures cannot fly away,
 Nor Anguish reach us thither.

Advice to a New-marry'd Friend.

TO M, when the Heat of Battel's over,
 Man grows a tame and quiet Lover :
 When Honey-Moon is in the Wain,
 Its Joys cannot return again :
 When Kisses cold and sapless grow,
 And tir'd we are with what we do ;
 We toil and sweat with endless Pain,
 Imaginary Blifs to gain.
 Chain'd to the Oar, like Gally-Slaves,
 Sometimes we tug 'gainst Wind and Waves ;
 And when we've tow'd the best we may do,
 We're recompenc'd with Tongue-Strappada.
 My dearest Friend, this is thy Fate ;
 I see thee scratch thy thoughtful Pate ;

Cares

Cares and Troubles cloud thy Brow,
 And bending Hams thy Weakness show ;
 Unusual Pains thy Back hath seiz'd,
 And thou'rt grown tir'd with what has pleas'd.
 Come, slip thy Matrimonial-Fetter ;
 Unbolt thy Shackles, hasten hither :
 Thy pristine Freedom now regain ;
 Laugh at thy Folly and thy Pain :
 With Mirth and Wine let us repair
 Our pensive Troubles, and our Care,
 'Tis Claret only can create
 The freest, easiest, best Estate ;
 Can Sorrows quash, and give Relief,
 In Pressures, both of Pain and Grief.
 'Tis Claret only can defy
 All the Nuptial-Slavery ;
 Make the Marriage-Halter easy,
 And with thousand Joys can please ye.
 The Soldier, tir'd with Wounds and Blows,
 To Quarters of Refreshment goes ;
 Relieves each Want, removes each Pain,
 And fits himself for next Campaign.
 The tallest Frigate must careen,
 Tallow and wash, e'er sail again ;
 Tackle refit, Sheathing renew ;
 Victual afresh ; and so must you.
 To some snug private Creek repair,
 Where Storms are hush'd, and Heavens fair ;
 Where angry Blasts cannot molest thee,
 Or frowning Billows e'er infest thee :
 There may you trim, refit, and tallow ;
 (For Land gets Strength by lying fallow.)
 The Gallopers of *Yorkshire*-Breed,
 Renown'd for lovely Shape and Speed,

Seldom

Seldom above three Heats will run,
 And yet rub down at ev'ry one.
 And when these feeble Racers tire,
 And Sinews stretch'd, some Rest require:
 A Winter's Running will restore
 The Speed and Strength they had before.

Remember, Friend, thou art no Horse,
 Yet doom'd to ride an endless Course.
 Marriage a tedious Race will prove;
 It ends with Care, and starts with Love:
 The Rider suffers in the Course,
 Whilst the rid Jade is ne'er the worse.
 Hard whipp'd and spurr'd, from Night to Morn,
 Like Posts we ride, sometimes with Horn:
 And when the very best we've done,
 We seldom win the Race we've run:
 Whilst we bestride the Fiddle Faddle,
 We're often Jocky'd out of th' Saddle;
 Or, if we are *Newmarket* Switch,
 We tumble into Devil's Ditch.
 Thro' Thick and Thin the Bridegroom rides,
 But all the Odds are on the Bride's.

Consider, Friend, the Course is long;
 Keep up thy Back with Swaddles strong:
 Chear up thy Soul with noble Claret,
 Or right good *Nantz*, if thou comes near it.
 Resume thy Pipe, and wonted Freedom;
 If Women frown, Friend, never heed 'em:
 When once they get the upper Hand,
 And Female-Monarch gives Command,
 Nothing can that great Pow'r withstand.
 Keep up thy Soul, thy Courage show;
 Let Rib its Place and Distance know.

L

The

The Woman wears the crooked Part ;
 Much Good may't do her, with all my Heart.
 Our Ribs by *Nature* were design'd
 To guard the Heart, and not the Mind :
 From Head they're in due Distance plac'd,
 Their true Position near the Waste.
 Ah! would they their Submission know,
 Why *Nature* rangeth them below ;
 That crooked Part, which doward reaches,
 Durst never struggle for the Breeches.

Thy Birth-right Breeches, Lad, maintain,
 The proper Garniture of Men.
 The Hen-peck'd Fool raises my Passion ;
 He is a Scandal to the Nation ;
 A Scorn to Angels, Man's Reverse,
 A Woman's Slave, a dismal Curse.
 Marriage was not by God design'd
 T' enslave the Freedom of Mankind ;
 To cramp our Liberties and Powers,
 And hamper us like evil Doers.
 Man rules, and should the S——r sway,
 Whilst the Meet-help ought to obey.
 What if a cross-grain'd, peevish Wife,
 Becomes the Settlement of Life ;
 Or if it be thy Fate to wed
 A Whore unconstant to thy Bed ;
 A Remedy may soon be had.
 Send her to *Bristol*, to *Ned Granger*,
 For best *Virginia* he'll exchange her.
 Two Hogheads for a lusty Jade ;
 And thus *Ned* drives an honest Trade ;
 Our Chains and Bondage does remove,
 And all th' Incumb'rances of Love ;
 Takes off these heavy Clogs of Life,
 The Whore, the Slut, th' imperious Wife ;

And

And for those dismal Pains, which grieve us,
Gives us Tobacco to relieve us.

Divine Tobacco ! which gives Ease
To all our Pains and Miseries ;
Composes Thought, makes Minds sedate,
Adds Gravity to Church and State ;
Court'd by Kings, and Men of Conscience,
The Throne's Perfume, the Al——r's Incense :
Arch-Bishops, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons,
Most rev'rently can fire their Beacons.
When Rheums, Catarrhs, and Colds, molest us,
Doctor Tobacco must assist us.
Divine Tobacco ! *Indian* G—d !
The Courtier's Feast, the poor Man's Food ;
In Summer cool, in Winter warm,
Julep and Cordial for each Harm ;
The mighty Sums thou do'st advance,
Will one Day help to conquer *France*,
And import Claret, and true *Nantz*.

And now, my Friend, all Joys attend you ;
Pardon the Trouble which I send you :
Keep up thy Courage, cheer thy Soul ;
Love *Moll*, but let her not controul.
What if she whine, shed Tears, and frown ;
Laugh at her Folly, she'll have done :
Never dry up her Tears with Kisses,
The more she Cries, the less she P——s.

Friend, when you have a little Leisure,
And would enjoy true solid Pleasure,
Shake off thy Collar, and thy Fetters ;
(None lie in Goal, but Thieves and Debtors.)
Come, take a Bottle ; never fear ;
I'll ease thy Thoughts, remove thy Care.
I'll Lectures give of Mirth and Freedom,
Shall do thee good, if thou wilt read 'em.

On

And

*On the Death of a Lady's Nightin-
gail, in the beginning of Winter.*

O *Rpheus* is gone again to Hell,
But in the Shape of *Philomel*.
What shall we say? Doth Musick die?
Then we have lost our Harmony.
There is no Concord to be found,
But in the Eccho's of her Sound.
The Soul of Musick then is fled,
And sings soft Musick to the Dead;
Whose hapless Fate, each widow'd Thorn,
On which she lay'd her Breast, doth mourn.
Look on the Fields, and there you'll see
Each Hedge is bald for want of thee.
The harmless Thorns, on which thou sate,
Have dropt their Leaves, mourning thy Fate.
The tender Herb is wither'd quite;
Th' enamour'd Sun hath lost its Sight;
The doleful Clouds do drop down Show'rs,
And all bedew thy lonely Bow'rs:
The ravish'd Night, with angry Brow,
Puts on her sable Garments now:
The Summer, that adorns the Day,
Soon heard the News, and fled away;
And Winter, with its hoary Head,
Would have renew'd thy dying Bed,
And periwig'd the mournful Thorn;
But that the Sun took it in Scorn,
And coming with revengeful Day,
Melted the Vizard-Mask away.

22-M-63.
F I N I S.

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